

# Adventures in New Guinea: Traveling on French Highways

## Ancestors of Ku Klux Klan May Have Been New Guineans

British Captain Writes Interesting Book on Travel and Wild Adventure in New Guinea

By Heywood Brown

Captain C. A. W. Monckton's thrilling book *Taming New Guinea* (John Lane) offers some interesting evidence concerning the organization from which the Ku-Klux Klan may have derived. "Whilst in the Gulf," he writes, "I received constant complaints about the doings—or, rather, misdoings—of a strange nomadic inland tribe called by the native Kuku Kuku; people who apparently appeared unexpectedly and hovered about the coastal villages, snatching up stray men, women and children and cutting off their heads, then vanishing into the unknown. I promised the villagers that, in the near future, the government would deal with the Kuku Kuku people, but that I had too much other work at present; in any case, my whaler's complement was not enough for an inland expedition.

"I also heard of the existence of a secret society called the Kaiva Kuku, the members of which assembled fully disguised in strange masks and cloaks and went through secret ceremonies and ritual; branches and agents of it existed in every coastal village. I did not like this at all, thinking that probably many of the murders and crimes alleged against the Kuku Kuku were offenses committed by this secret society. I did not stay long enough in the Mekeo district to have any dealings with the Kaiva Kuku, but from what I heard of the society whilst I was there I believe that they were a set of bloodthirsty, terrorizing and blackmailing scoundrels, badly needing stamping out. In later years, when Captain Barton was R. M. of the division, I gave him my views about secret societies and the Kaiva Kuku in particular; but he held that they might be a benevolent organization, created for the suppression of immorality and

vice. My opinion was that they were bad and existed merely for the purpose of carrying out unnamable rites and beastliness, this being borne out by the history of all native races among which secret societies were established; also I held that the morality and conduct of a village tribe were better maintained by a government chief, or village constable, acting openly, than by secret tribunals."

The parallel suggested by this Kaiva Kuku of the natives and the Ku-Klux of our own Southland is interesting, proving, as it does, that New Guinea is also a backward community.

Captain Monckton pays tribute to the courage of our old friend the codfish, which he ranks far above the shark as terror to divers. After speaking contemptuously of the shark, he writes:

"The codfish, however, is afraid of nothing, and will nose up to a diver, smell around until it discovers his naked hands and then bite them off. Owing to this unpleasant trait on the part of the codfish, the first and important duty of a diver's tender is to wash the former's hands thoroughly with soap, soda and warm water before he descends, in order to remove any trace of perspiration or grease from them. A diver's hands are the sole portion of his body outside the diving suit, the dress ending at the wrists, where thick India rubber bands prevent the admission of water and the expulsion of air. Should a diver meet a large grouper, the only thing to be done is to either ascend twenty or thirty feet and drift out of the short-sighted fish's range of vision; or, if there is no tide or current, rise to the surface. Then he can lower a dynamite cartridge or two, which will either kill, wound or frighten the beast away."

## Essays by Ellis

Brief Impressions and Comments on a Vast Variety of Themes

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS. BY HAYLOCK ELLIS. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price \$2.75.

THIS second series of Mr. Ellis's miscellaneous essays covers the period of the great war, from 1914 to 1920, a period more rich in food for thought than any other in human history. The writer visits many places, in several lands, and comes into contact with a bewildering variety of scenes and themes of interest, to all of which he addresses himself with a versatility and an adaptability almost beyond belief. Whether it be the Salvation Army or the Channel tunnel, mass in the Westminster Cathedral or the slaying of Huns in the trenches, he is at home with his subject and impresses us with the notion that it is precisely the subject of all subjects with which he is best fitted to deal.

It is in his spiritual vision, however, that Mr. Ellis is always at his best, surpassing by far the essays in the psychology of sex and kindred themes for which he is perhaps best known. Note, for example, his exquisite reflections on an Easter Sunday:

"When the first breath of spring is felt in the air, always there comes into my blood the impulse to pack my bag, to start for afar, to wander in some new and beautiful land, among some strange and attractive folk, to celebrate the Easter resurrectional festival of the earth's new life, which may well be the oldest of human religious rites. For three years the gates of the outer world have been closed to me. Three years ago to-day I stood beneath the rich loveliness of the windows of Rheims and could scarcely leave them, drawn to them by novel lullaby of beauty, for the first and last time, by what premonition of tragedy. For the whole world has been revolutionized since, left naked and poorer, as I, too, have been left. Now as I listen dreamingly to music there seems to arise once more within me some impulse from the past, the old call of the pilgrim's scrip, the old desire of the pilgrim's staff. But when I turn and consider I know that it is not the old call nor the old desire. I seem to be conscious of some vaster pilgrimage that I can but dimly discern. 'When thou wast young,' I seem to hear, 'thou girdest thyself and walked whither thou wouldest. But when thou shalt be old!'"

It is a precious thing, amid the sordid hurly-burly of the material world, to engage such impressions, to think such thoughts, to feel such feelings. It is a precious thing, above all, to be able with such beauty and power to convey them so vividly and vitally to an illimitable multitude of readers.

## A Yale Poet

WILD GESE. By Theodore H. Banks Jr. Published by the Yale University Press.

THE seventh number of the series of little books of younger poets, published by the Yale University Press, is at hand. Theodore Banks has a gift of limpid lyric verse, a current that carries in it images that are tranquil, never violent. While his lines rarely achieve the distinction of excellence, they are invariably correct in form and motivated by beauty.

## Vermont Country

Memories of Hunting Days in New England

SILVER FIELDS. By Rowland E. Robinson. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75.

THE opening paper of this little book, from which the collection derives its title, is a sympathetic picturing of the fields and forests of New England in winter. The author is of the school of Frank Bowles, and he etches, in words against the copper plate of his imagination, scenes in black and white that are faithful to the realities of a Vermont winter. The pines, the firs, the moon rising through and above the traceries of twigs and branches, the tiny trails of animals over the snow, are portrayed in a manner that will appeal to all loyal New Englanders.

The other fifteen sketches range from little pastoral idylls of boy life on farm and in the wilds to bass fishing and fox hunting. To us, for our own father was a physician and surgeon in a little New England town, the four pages on *The Country Doctor* add one more splendid tribute to a type of man now fading from history. Stephen Leacock recently caught the very soul of the village doctor of Canada in a brief sketch rich in pathos. The author of *Silver Fields* gives another view, that of the man's relations with his fellows in hours of relaxation, with rod and gun. The two sketches, that by Leacock and this one by Robinson, should be read by all who know and love the "country doctor."

## Model Orations

Complete Texts of Many Noteworthy Addresses

CLASSIFIED MODELS OF SPEECH COMPOSITION. Compiled by James Milton O'Neill. Published by The Century Company. Price \$3.50.

What we may call the literature of oratory is too much neglected in our time. Speeches, even the most important, are seldom reported and still more seldom printed in full. Indeed, speechmaking is pretty generally considered a bore, a superfluity, an anachronism, which went out of fashion along with the Dodo and the Great Auk. As for persons who read great speeches as they would read novels or even books of travel or of history, their name is rare in nature.

Yet here is at once a reminder and a demonstration that there is no finer literature and none more absorbingly interesting than that which is to be found in speeches of various kinds—orations, addresses, sermons, after-dinner speeches and what not. Indeed, it is natural that it should be so, for the speech has, both subjectively and objectively, the invaluable personal touch. It is an argumentum ad hominem. Not like even the best of essays, addressed vaguely to whomever it may concern, it is the personal voice of the speaker addressed directly to concrete, visible, tangible hearers; and through a certain magic of personal transmutation that address is transferred, at whatever distance of time or place, to the reader, so that he feels that the eloquence, the pathos, the humor, the argument, even the invective, of the orator are all addressed directly to him and are intended for him alone.

It is not improbable that much harm has been done in the direction of discouragement of speechmaking by the common publication of brief extracts from great speeches, or still more brief quotations from them, which, instead of whetting the appetite for the



THE upper illustration is from *The Education of Eric Lane*, by Stephen McKenna (Doran)

THE lower is from a sketch of D. H. Lawrence, author of *The Lost Girl*, etc. (Seltzer)

whole composition, inclines the careless reader to think that he knows all there is worth knowing about it. Thus, if he is able to quote "There is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession," what need to read the whole of Webster's speech for the prosecution of the murderer Knapp? Or if he can recall "Give me liberty or give me death!" why bother to look up the full text of Henry's Richmond convention speech?

The fact is that none of the extracts from speeches, familiar to schoolboys on declamation day, is capable of giving an adequate conception of the whole, any more than a single gem can represent the whole regalia or a single phrase or motive the entire symphony. We would not, of course, discourage or deprecate the printing and the reading and declaiming of such excerpts, but we would most strongly urge that they be regarded as enticements to the reading of the entire speeches. And we regard the publication of such a volume as this, containing the complete texts of a multitude of noteworthy speeches of many different kinds, by many different men, on many different occasions, as one of the most welcome, most desirable and most valuable of works, whether for history or biography or for what we might call pure literature. Professor O'Neill entitles these ninety-five complete speeches "Models of Composition."

They are that; and we might, with equal justice, call his volume a model of catholic but judicious selection. The range is great, from Emmet's dying speech to Proctor Knott's Duluth extravaganza, from Webster's reply to Hayne to Talmage's lecture on "Big Blunders," from Lincoln's first and second inaugural to Woodrow Wilson's first inaugural, from Chatham's protest against the attempt to subjugate America to Lowell's Return of the Native. The one thing uniform in all these speeches is the fitness of all to be included in such a compilation. The work is a fine conception, finely executed.

## Borrow in Reprint

WILD VALES. By George Borrow. Published by Oxford University Press. \$1.

GEORGE BORROW'S great book on Wales was published for the first time in 1862. As its author steadily forged to the front among British writers, this temperamental record of footing it through the hills and fastnesses of a rugged country has come to recognition as a real book among books. It appears this year in the World's Classics Series, of a size just fitted to the pocket of a fellow who, like Borrow, would fare afar.

## The Sex Problem

SEX FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS. By William Leland Stowell. Published by The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THE problems of sex are frankly but innocently discussed by Dr. Stowell in this book, which aims to provide parents and teachers with an easy method of approach to the conveying of vital hygienic information to young children. The reproductive processes of plants and animals are first studied, and the author then describes the same function in human beings, warning against the abuses and pitfalls of sex and laying down rules for moral and bodily cleanliness.

## War in Palestine

A History of Conquests of the Holy Land

THE CONQUERORS OF PALESTINE. By Major H. O. Lock. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.

IT IS quite in order that Field Marshal Allenby should write the introduction to Major Lock's *The Conquerors of Palestine*. The book appears at an opportune time. The late war swung the Holy Land into the sphere of battle, and now there are plans for its development as a country or a home for the Jewish people.

Lock goes back, properly, to the trek of the Israelites from Egypt and in a readable narrative gives the battle phases of their march and conflicts on the road. We learn of an elementary strategy used in these struggles, and the whole scope of the early pages of the Bible takes on new meaning. Then follow chapters on the Assyrians, Babylonians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, the Crusades, the French and the British. It is a book filled with color that glows upon the field of its bare record of history.

quenchable fire, is that they did the thing for wanton sake of doing it.

A striking but by no means incongruous contrast is presented in Mr. Paine's delightful book of motor car travels, chiefly in France, and most notably in some of the very towns where stand the cathedrals of which we have just been reading. Indeed, his book in itself involves one of the most impressive contrasts conceivable by human fancy. Motoring through Arles, Tarascon and Avignon! The half-dozen words span more than a dozen centuries. The three names conjure up memories of Caesar and of Constantine, of Popes in exile and of the immortal Tartarin. It is a brief beyond expression that St. Benet's bridge was too much out of repair to permit Mr. Paine and his family to drive across it on leaving Avignon. To have done so would have supplied the one consummate, crowning touch.

For a writer like Mr. Paine, vivacious, gifted with a keen sense of humor, and intensely up to date, to write of ancient and medieval scenes and places and to recall memories of a bygone age always involves a certain danger, or a temptation—that of being flippant and making sport of venerable things. It will not, however, surprise the readers of his former works to be assured that in not the least degree does Mr. Paine yield to that error. His sense of humor does not clash with a sense of reverence. There are those who at Brou would have made merry with threadbare gibes about mother-in-law and daughter-in-law; but he saw only the marvel of beauty in which decorated Gothic reached its superlative, and was moved to look up, some time, Arnold's poem upon it and commit it to memory; and then—

"On days when things seem rather ugly and harsh and rasping, I will find some quiet corner and shut my eyes and say the lines and picture a sunlit May afternoon and the Church of Brou. Then, perhaps, I shall not remember any more the petty things of the moment, but only the architectural shrine which one woman reared in honor of another, her mother-in-law."

It is a precious gift thus to be able to see and to appraise the scenes which are new to us because they are so old. It was that gift which Mr. Paine exercised all through his tours in France and Switzerland, and the ripe fruit of which he offers in these fascinating pages. We have already spoken of Rheims, and of the havoc wrought there by the Huns. It was the year before the war that Mr. Paine was there, when the incomparable cathedral was still in all its unravaged glory; and this was the impression which he received:

"We do not study this interior to discover special art values or to distinguish in what manner it differs from others we have seen. For us the light from its great rose window and upper arches is glorified because once it fell upon Joan of Arc in that supreme moment when she saw her labor finished and asked only that she might return to Domremy and her flock. The statuary in the niches are holy because they looked upon that scene, the altar paving is sanctified because it felt the pressure of her feet."

Again, it is not in the least incongruous for the author to turn from such impressions and expressions, to describe his serio-comic plight when he stalled the engine of his car just as a ponderous truck was skidding straight down upon it; and of his wrestling, at Avignon, with "thirty-seven reasons why the motor may not start." Imagine, in storied Avignon, the author setting out to "make it the oil and grease," while Narcissa, aged fifteen, helped him by washing and polishing the car, and the Joy, aged ten, was audience! He followed an "oiling diagram" which was "a perfect maze of hair lines and arrow points, and looked as if it needed to be combed. . . . I followed those tangled lines and labyrinthine ways into the vital places of our faithful vehicle. . . . It was a hot, messy, scratchy, grunting job. Some people would have been profane, but I am not like that—not with Narcissa observing me. One hour, two, went by, and I was still consulting the chart and dabbing with the oil can and grease stick. . . . I said at last that possibly I had missed some places on the car, but I didn't think they could be important ones. Narcissa looked at me, then, and said that maybe I had missed places on the car but that I hadn't missed any on myself. She said I was a sight and probably never could be washed clean again."

Thus it was, sometimes with rollicking humor, sometimes with reverent solemnity and pathos, that Mr. Paine and his little family went motoring through golden lands in the golden age just before the Hunnish defilement fell upon that which was fairest and loveliest in the world. As he tells the story, with unfailing readiness and human interest, there will come to many readers a strong temptation to send their cars abroad, or get them over there, and follow his gypsy trail; while to many others there will come the apt reflection: "What's the use, with this book to read about it?" For with it in hand, the reader can make in vivid fancy the whole enchanting tour, seeing all the wonderful scenes as they were then at their best estate, through eyes as discerning and appreciative as any can hope to be; with never once need of mauling through the maze of that uncombed oiling chart or of experimentally solving the mysteries of the thirty-seven reasons why the motor may not start.

## BOOKS BOUGHT

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## A Classified List of a Hundred Titles for Home War Library

A Publisher Makes Interesting Compilation of War Books, Treating Practically Every Phase of the Subject

By George Palmer Putnam

IN THE army I came to know a young banker, from a middle Western state. At intervals since the armistice he has asked me to suggest books which he should add to the evidently rapidly growing library in this home. And, curiously, he has universally accepted the advice. He now writes me:

"It seems to me the time has come for a chap like myself, who is interested in accumulating a worth while modest home library, to get up a thorough-going list of war books. Won't you please think the matter over and work out a list of, say, approximately fifty, or even a hundred, titles representing the really outstanding books about the war. What I want is a library which will give a reasonably well rounded picture of the whole show. Something my grandchildren will treasure. As a matter of fact, the idea has really come to me because I have just recently seen a splendid collection of Civil War books."

I went to work to prepare that list for my literary banker. And because there are doubtless a great many other people who might be interested in accumulating such a library, or in making their own selections from such a collection, I list a hundred books below.

The list includes 100 titles. My follows: Origin, Cause and Responsibility; Personal Experience; History; Memoirs, Military, Naval and Diplomatic; War Horrors and Outrages; Art; Humor; Poetry; Fiction; Peace Conference and After; Miscellaneous.

Doubtless the real histories of the war have not yet been written, and they won't be for a decade or so. Also probably some outstanding works of fiction, and even of personal experience, are still to come. But these can be added later. From a bookbuyer's standpoint the important thing to remember is that while probably now everyone of the titles listed can be purchased, in a few years almost inevitably certain ones of them will go out of print and will perhaps not be obtainable except at fancy prices.

The list includes 100 titles. My friend selected fifty of them. Frankly I also have selected fifty, which I am placing in my own library. It happened that my friend and I differed materially in our "editing" of the list. I think the Tribune readers might find it interesting to create from this list groups of fifty for themselves. And likely they will find titles that should be added, as well as ones that should be deleted. The present list, while the fruit of the joint efforts of several editors, publishers and book salesmen, is of course far from infallible. For instance, even since compiling it in its final form I am convinced that for my own library I want a file of an illustrated magazine during the war years, such as *The London Illustrated News*, *The Graphic* or the *Times Mid-Week Pictorial*.

## ORIGIN, CAUSE AND RESPONSIBILITY

Bernhardi, Germany and the Next War.

Beck, Evidence in the Case. Lichnowsky, Guilt of Germany. Putnam, Alsace and Lorraine. British Blue Book.

Usher, Pan-Germanism. Muhlen, Vandal of Europe. Rose, Origins of the War. Austrian White Book.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Empey, Over the Top. Dawson, Carry On. Bairnsfather, Bullets and Billets. Roosevelt, War in Garden of Eden. Bishop, Winged War. Jones, Road to Endor. Hankey, Student in Arms. Hay, First Hundred Thousand. Aldrich, Hilltop on the Marne. Derby, Wade in Sanitary. Gibbs, Way to Victory. Blucher, English Life in Berlin.

## HISTORY

Simonds, History of the War. Palmer, First Year of the War. Buchan, Battle of the Somme. McPherson, Short History of the War.

Belloe, First and Second Phases of the War. Masfield, Gallipoli. Punch for the War Years, 1914-1919.

## MEMOIRS, MILITARY, NAVAL AND DIPLOMATIC

Whitlock, Belgium. Morgenthau, Ambassador's Story. Wood, Note Book of an Attaché. Gerard, Four Years in Germany. Mercier's (Cardinal) Own Story. Sims, Victory at Sea. Repington, Diary. Jellicoe, Grand Fleet.

## Which type are you?

The co-harbors of Rupert Hughes' new novel of New York, are a study in the appeal to men of the two opposite types of attractive woman.

## BEAUTY

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Is first of all a gripping and entertaining story; but it leaves you much to think of besides. Illustrated by W. T. Benda. At all bookstores. \$2.00. HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

Maurice, Last Four Months. Gloves, History Transport Service. Fisher, Memories and Records. French, 1914. Scheer, Germany's High Sea Fleet. Townshend, My Campaign in the East. Tirpitz, Memoirs. Ludendorff, Memoirs.

## WAR HORRORS AND OUTRAGES

German's Violation of Laws, 1914-15. Diary of a German War Prisoner. J'accuse. Dorosintch, Way of the Cross. Bryce, Report on War Outrages. McMullen, Out of Jaws of Hunland. Turczynowicz, When Prussians Came to Poland. Wister, Pentecost of Calamity. La Motte, The Backwash of the War.

## ART

Raemaekers, War Cartoons. Baldridge, I Was There. HUMOR

Bairnsfather, Fragments from France. Streeter, Dere Mable. Wyatt, Malia in Kultur!nd.

## POETRY

McCreia, In Flanders Field. Seeger, Poems. Service, Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Brooke, Poems. Kilmer, Poems. Yanks, Poems from "Stars and Stripes." Clarke, Treasury of War Poetry.

## PEACE CONFERENCE AND AFTER

Lansing, Peace Conference. Tardieu, Truth About the Treaty. Wright, Supreme War Council. Keynes, Economic Consequences of Peace. Dillon, Inside Story of Peace Conference. (2) Mirrors of Downing Street. Gibbs, Now It Can Be Told.

## FICTION

Wells, Mr. Britling. Barbuss, Under Fire. Ibanez, Four Horsemen. Machen, The Bowman. McKenna, Sonia. Locke, Rough Road. Sidgwick, Salt of the Earth. Rinehart, Amazing Interlude. Berger, Ordeal by Fire. Walpole, Dark Forest. Andrews, Three Things. Dorgeles, Wooden Crosses. Dehan, That Which Hath Wings. Snaith, Undeafened. Buchan, Greenmantle. Benjamin, Private Gaspard.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Le Bon, Psychology of the War. Roosevelt, Fear God and Take Your Own Part. Dimmet, France Herself Again. Lodge, Raymond. Laughlin, Martyred Towns of France. Noyes, Chapter on War Finance. Olavater, Soul of Fighting France. Oliver, Ordeal by Battle. McPherson, Strategy of the Great War. Laughlin, Credit of Nations.

## A Borough Mystery

Story of Murder and Plot in English Town

THE BOROUGH TREASURER. By J. S. Fletcher. Published by Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

AMONG the writers of mystery stories of the day J. S. Fletcher stands preeminent as a weaver of plots so wisely constructed that they conceal secrets until final pages. Add to this ability the power to write a singularly interesting narrative, well phrased and convincing in its plausibility, and you have in this author a rare combination of talents. His latest novel, *The Borough Treasurer*, is up to his high grade of finish.

Two young men of a town in southern England are convicted of misappropriating funds to the extent of £2,000, and are sentenced to two years in jail. After their release they go four hundred miles to northern England, change their names and become successful business men, respected as Mayor and Treasurer of their borough. Suddenly a man appears who recognizes them as the criminals of thirty years back. Murders follow, the two men suspect each other, an honest fellow in the village is implicated, and then come the facts. It's a mighty good book for a hot day or for any day.

Whitlock, Belgium. Morgenthau, Ambassador's Story. Wood, Note Book of an Attaché. Gerard, Four Years in Germany. Mercier's (Cardinal) Own Story. Sims, Victory at Sea. Repington, Diary. Jellicoe, Grand Fleet.

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